

Aine's Mysterious Writings

Words of the author

They told me not to write this down.They said some questions are better left unasked.Some doors are better left unopened.But I opened them anyway.

This isn't a book. It's a notebook. A confession. A series of late-night conversations with myself that I decided to keep.I wrote this for the person who feels too much and says too little. For the one who wonders about God but is afraid to doubt out loud. For the one who's tired of pretending everything's okay when nothing makes sense.

These aren't answers. They're

echoes.Echoes of thoughts that keep coming back.Echoes of a world that feels broken, beautiful, and strange, all at once.

If you're looking for comfort, you might not find it here.But if you're looking for company in the confusion , you're not alone.This is for us.

The ones who are still asking.

— Ainebyoona Paul

If I Were the Devil

If I were the devil, I wouldn't come with horns, fire, or a scary face. Honestly, that would make my job harder. People run from what looks dangerous. They pray. They prepare. They fight back. So instead, I would look normal. I would sound like your own thoughts. I would hide in everyday life, so quietly that no one would ever realize I was there. I wouldn't try to destroy the world in one day. That's not how lives fall apart. Lives fall apart slowly, through small habits, small lies, and small choices repeated again and again.

The first thing I would steal is confidence. Not by shouting, but by whispering at the right moments. When a student wants to raise their hand in class, I'd whisper, "What if you're wrong and everyone laughs?" When someone dreams of starting a business, I'd say, "You don't have money. People like you don't succeed." When a young person wants to use their talent, singing, writing, leading, I'd remind them of that one time they failed and say, "See? You're not special." I wouldn't need to break their dreams. Doubt would do that for me. Because the saddest thing is not failing, it's never trying.

Next, I would attack focus. I'd make sure people are always busy, but never productive. Always entertained, but never growing.Five hours scrolling. Three hours watching other people live better lives online. Endless gossip. Endless noise. I'd make sure they say, "I don't have time", while time slips through their fingers every single day. Because a distracted person is easy to control. They don't build. They don't think deeply. They just consume.

Then I would move to relationships. Strong families and friendships make people strong. So I would plant pride in their hearts. I'd make it hard to say, "I'm sorry." I'd make them assume the worst about each other. I'd turn small misunderstandings into permanent enemies. A friendship would end over one rumor. A family would stop talking over money. Communities would fight instead of working together. Divided people don't change the world. They just argue while their problems grow.

I would also make comfort feel like success. I'd whisper, "Don't wake up early, you deserve more sleep." "Don't exercise, it's too hard." "Don't study now, start tomorrow." "Don't take risks, you might fail." None of these sound evil. That's the trick. One day of delay is harmless. But when days turn into months and months into years, dreams quietly expire. One day they'll wake up and say, "What happened to my life?" And I'll know the answer: comfort replaced courage.

But my strongest weapon would be this, I would make people believe they don't matter. I'd tell them, "Your voice is too small." "Your effort won't change anything." "Why try? The world is already messed up." Because once a person feels powerless, they stop trying. And when good people stop trying, problems grow without resistance. I wouldn't need to start wars or disasters. Humans would slowly shrink their own potential, through fear, distraction, pride, laziness, and hopelessness. I would just sit back and watch.

But here's what I would secretly fear. I would fear the person who notices. The student who raises their hand anyway. The young person who works while others scroll. The friend who says, "Let's fix this," instead of ending the relationship. The one who wakes up early to chase a goal. The one who believes their small action still matters. Because the moment people become aware of the game, it stops working.

So if I were the devil, I wouldn't be afraid of holy water or fire. I'd be afraid of disciplined people. Focused people. Kind people. People who know their worth. People who choose purpose over excuses. Because those are the people I could never control. And maybe that's the real lesson, the greatest fight in this world isn't against monsters outside us, but against the quiet voices inside that try to make us smaller than we were created to be.

Awareness is a Curse

Awareness is a curse. Once you become conscious, life stops feeling simple. You can't just watch a movie anymore without noticing the manipulation, the emotional cues, the way reactions are engineered to keep you hooked and distracted. You start wondering why certain scenes exist at all and who they're really for.

You go to a party, but instead of enjoying it, you're reading the room. The forced laughter, the insecurity behind confidence, the masks people wear just to belong, just to be accepted. You feel present, yet emotionally distant, like you're watching from outside yourself.

Even conversations feel different. You hear the words, but you also sense the need underneath. Validation, approval, reassurance. You notice how rarely people feel truly heard, how often they talk just to avoid silence, including you. Your mind never switches off. Every interaction gets analyzed, every silence feels heavy.

Awareness brings clarity, but it quietly steals comfort, spontaneity, and rest. Because once you wake up, you can't go back to sleep. Maybe that's the real price of being clear. The world never looks the same again.

Death Selection is not fully understood

So I was thinking the other day. Some people live eighty years. Some live just one. Some die peacefully in their sleep and others. They scream in pain you can't even imagine.

And the crazy part it's not about being good or bad. Not karma. Not sin. It's just random and honestly, that freaks me out. Like think about it. Babies with diseases innocent people starving while murderers get old and until thieves buy private jets.

Total chaos. Zero fairness. Now if there's a god running the show maybe he's just rolling dice with our lives picking who suffers, who survives, who dies and if he's not, then what are we even worshipping? The universe doesn't reward anyone. Doesn't punish anyone. It literally doesn't care and yet we cling to hope like believing alone could face it all.

So here's the question. If everything's random, if there's no secret order, no brand design, could you still live in this is unboxed world where reality is way darker than any sermon.

Science and Religion actually meet somewhere

Do you know what 2 Peter 3:8 says? Okay, I'm not trying to be religious but what if science and the Bible speak the same language? What if time, space, and faith are all connected?

The Bible says the universe was created in six days. Science says thirteen point eight billion years. At first, it seems like faith versus facts but what if it's not? A day depends on earth's spinning but when creation began, earth didn't exist. Time itself bends. Clocks take differently near black holes or in the vastness of space.

What if the six days of creation were not earth days? 3.8 billion years divided by six is roughly 2.3 billion years per day. Scripture says earth formed on the second day. Science says planet earth is 4.6 billion years old.

Maybe Bible and science are not in conflict. Maybe they tell the same creation story just in different tongues. This is unboxed world where time, faith, and physics meet. Uncovering truth hidden beyond imagination.

Who's in Control

What if God decided tomorrow would wake up? You say he's in control of everything even your life. But is your faith truly yours? Or just what you've been programmed to believe? They tell us God knows everything past, present, future. Every single outcome. But stay with me. If that's true then what was the point? Why create billions of souls only to watch most of them burn? What kind of

creator sets up a game where losing was guaranteed from the start? The scriptures say he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. But he drowned the whole world in a flood

But think if he really knew the future then he knew sin would return. Worse than before. That's not foresight. That's failure on repeat. Or maybe maybe it wasn't failure at all. Maybe it was design. Maybe the God we were taught to worship isn't the same God who made the universe. Maybe the book wasn't written to free us but to bind us because if fear can control you then you'll never ask questions. You'll obey. You'll bow. And somewhere someone profits from your devotion.

So ask yourself are you worshiping the creator of everything? Or a story written by men needed control? This is unboxed world where heaven cracks. Hell rises. And the end was written long before the first prayer.

Did you really get saved

Imagine this. A crash. Metal twisted. Glass shattered. Screams fading into silence. Everyone dies except you and people say, god saved you. Oh no, really? Think about what that means. If god saved you, does that mean he chose to kill them? Did he silence children, crush families, just to show his power through your survival?

If that's love, it feels like a cruel kind and what about disease? Thousands wiped out but one person recovers. A miracle? Or is it just blind chance dressed up as destiny? We're told everything happens for a reason but if that's true, then every tragedy, every coffin, every broken cry must also be part of that reason.

So, when you're the one spared, are you chosen or just lucky? Because if god decides who lives and who dies, then faith itself is terrifying and if he doesn't, then what exactly are we praying to?

This is unboxed world where questions don't comfort, they haunt and survival may not be a blessing but the sharpest mystery of all.

Just Write Something

In one hundred years, every single person reading this will be gone. Think about that. An entire generation erased. The streets you walk today will be filled with strangers. Your name forgotten. Your face buried in dust and yet life will continue.

The sun will rise. Children will laugh. Wars will rage and the world will move on as if we were never here. So what will remain? A word you spoke, a kindness you gave, or nothing at all.

Write what you want even if it's just a single dot because in one hundred years, the page of history will move on without you. This is Unboxed World, where time reminds us that nothing lasts forever except what we leave behind.

The Second after you die

What happens the second after you die? Oh, I'm asking you. Have you ever thought about it? One moment you're breathing, the next, silence. Your heart stops, your body shuts down but your mind, your soul, that's the mystery that terrifies us all.

Some say, you see light, a tunnel pulling you forward, voices calling your name, others say darkness, pure, endless nothing and then there are those who claim your life flashes before your eyes. Every memory, every choice, every sin replayed in an instant.

Science says, it's just your brain firing one last burst of energy. Religion says, it's judgement, heaven, hell, eternity but wait, millions of people who nearly died say the same thing, the light, the peace, the pole. Oh, really? Can all of them be wrong?

So tell me, what do you think happens one second after your last breath? This is unboxed world where the questions you fear the most are the ones you can't look away from.

They love you as a resource not you

People truly love you or do they only love what you can give them? Think about it. When you have money, people call you friend. When you have success, they call you brother. When you give, they stay close but when you have nothing, silence becomes their answer.

Love in this world is often a transaction. It hides behind smiles, handshakes, and sweet words but the moment the gift stop flowing, the truth appears. They don't love you. They love what you can offer. They don't love your soul. They love your benefits and that's the most painful betrayal of all because you're not a person in their eyes.

You're a resource, a ladder, a wallet. So, ask yourself, when everything is gone, who still stands beside you? That answer is love. Everything else is illusion. This is unboxed world where truths cut deeper than lies and where the hardest questions make us scratch our heads in silence.

Something refused to be buried

They buried her body but something refused to stay in the ground. Years later, in a town far away, a little girl began to speak names she'd never heard, describe places she'd never been, and cry over a life she never lived. She drew maps to houses that didn't exist anymore. She begged to go back to a village, her real home.

And when they took her there, people froze. She knew the names of the dead. She walked into homes and described memories no one could have known. She even found her own grave and stood there trembling.

They say her soul had returned, reborn, refusing to rest until the truth was heard. Some call it reincarnation. Others say the soul remembers what the body forgets. So tell me this, if your soul came back tomorrow, what would it still be searching for?

This is Unboxed World where the line between life and death is never really clear.

Does God Exist

Does God exist? If he's caring, why does an innocent child carry the curse of ancestors they never met? If he's just, why does the wicked thrive while the righteous suffer? If God already knows your needs before you speak, why must you cry, beg, starve yourself in fasting just to be heard? They say that God is jealous, but when you show jealousy, you're condemned to hell.

And here's the paradox that shakes faith the most. When something bad happens, we blame Satan. But when something good comes from the same bad event, people say it was God's plan. So which is it? Who's in control, God or the devil?

And here's the question few dare to ask. What does God gain from worship? They say God is love, but then why does eternal punishment burn for those who refuse him? And if life is already written, every second scripted by his hand, then where is your free will? Are you choosing, or are you just acting out a role in a play you didn't write?

Look at the world. Wars in his name. Children dying. Generations cursed. Prayers unanswered. Does this reveal a God of compassion, or a puzzle too deep for human minds?

These contradictions don't destroy faith, they fuel it. Because maybe the greatest mystery of all is not if God exists, but what kind of God is truly in control.

This is Unlocked World, where questions burn hotter than answers and the truth leaves us scratching our heads.

Death is the greatest gift God ever gave us.

Death is the greatest gift God ever gave us. I know, I know, you're probably thinking, what? How could that be? But stay with me.

What if tomorrow, death simply stopped? Not just for you, for everyone. No more aging, no sickness, no last breath. Humanity, frozen in life.

On day one, the planet erupts in celebration. Streets are full of dancing, people hugging strangers. Tears of joy. We beat death, they scream. The night sky glows with fireworks. But by day seven, the headlines turn dark. Doctors are baffled. Priests whisper. Online jokes turn to panic. Nobody has died for a week. Not one obituary.

By month one, something strange happens. Nobody eats the same. Nobody sleeps the same. Factories close, food rots, money turns meaningless. Why work if you can't die? The systems built to keep us alive collapse because life is now automatic.

By year one, you've done everything. Twice. Three times. Adventures go dull. Winning feels hollow. Even love starts to feel heavy. Without endings, beginnings stop feeling special.

Fifty years later, Earth is choking on life. No space. No rest. Billions stacked on billions. Bodies that never age, never leave. A planet with no pause button.

Five hundred years later, humanity is begging—not for more time, but for a way out. For silence. For an ending.

A thousand years later, living forever is a prison. The body becomes a cage, the soul exhausted. And we finally understand: death was never our enemy. Death was mercy. A reset. The soft goodbye. Without it, freedom turns into a trap.

So ask yourself—if immortality arrived tonight, would you celebrate, or would you be terrified?

This is Unboxed World, where the biggest gift might be the one you feared the most.